***LORD OF THE FLIES CREATIVE STORY ESSAY:***

I can’t believe Ralph didn’t believe me, or Piggy; that fat lard won’t do anything without Ralph’s consent. In fact, he won’t ever do anything. Even if Piggy had believed me he wouldn’t have come up this mountain with me to discover the truth.

What was that noise? No, I’m not scared. I know the beast isn’t actually a beast with razor sharp teeth and a furry body. It’s not. If there were such a thing on the island we would have had more evidence. It would not be afraid of a couple of young boys. The animals would be going crazy. Some of us would probably have been eaten. And it would move a lot quicker than we’ve seen it move.

Isn’t it funny how when I was first racing through the forest I had not even the slightest hesitance and I was completely sure I would not find a beast on top of the mountain. Yet now as I get closer to the top, I get more hesitant by the second, rethinking the choice I have made. I can only just see my hands in the approaching darkness. From the last few rays of light I can see they are shaking. I’m nearly up the top. Just a few more steps. There’s no turning back now. I’m not scared anymore. I can’t be. There is no time for that. I take my short steps, which seem to take a lifetime, towards the beast. My heart is racing, filled with adrenaline mixed with fear and excitement to discover the truth.

I knew it! It was never a beast. It is just the pilot’s corpse being pushed around by the wind! Maybe now Jack and Ralph will stop fighting!

I can barely see, the sky darker than it was before. Before I confirmed what I had thought, and that I now know. Everyone needs to know the beast isn’t real. Being the only one who is aware of this motivates me to move quicker through the forest because this could be life or death. This running is tiring. I need to move as quickly as possible but I’m not superman. I need rests. I’ll stay here for a second. I’m still exhausted but I have to start again. The sooner I get there, the better. Run, just run, don’t focus on things like the cold air or the darkness that has now fully overpowered the light just run. Finally! I can see a little light where I came into the forest and up ahead I can see the boys’ fire. They look like they are dancing or something. Ouch! That hurt, I tripped. That was stupid. I always trip, but seriously, right now? My knee hurts – ouch! Who cares? I’m so close to them I can worry about my knee later. Maybe I’ll yell so they can come to me at the same time and then I won’t have to run as far.

‘Guys! Everyone!’

Why are they not responding? Have they not heard me? I’ll just run a little further then stop. Wait yes! They are running towards me, they’ve heard me! Hold on is that spears I see, what are they for? Ouch why did someone stab me? They must think I’m the beast.

‘Wait guys I’m Simon.’

‘It’s Simon!’

It’s not working! They aren’t stopping! Ow. I can hardly breathe let alone scream. No one heard I’m pretty sure except for Roger; he looked at me straight in the eyes, and then stabbed me once more…

*I do not understand why everybody is crowding around? What is going on inside the circle, I need to see! I can hear cries of pain, I don’t think it’s a beast but every time I try to get in the circle to stop everybody or tell them to stop, I’ll either get pushed out of the circle by the bloodlust savages or not get heard by all their chanting and yelling.*

*What is wrong with these once well rounded and disciplined British schoolboys? What have they become? I just want to get in the circle and stop everybody! They’re blinded by their lust for blood. They’ve stopped, finally! But I think it’s too late I think whatever it was is dead, it’s blood getting carried out to sea and sinking into the sand, the body laying completely still no movement, just stillness. Oh no! I feel bad I should have tried harder! This shouldn’t have happened to him, not Simon! Although it’s dark the moonlight allows me to see the outline of his body and the slightest glimpse of his face but I know for sure it’s him. This is entirely my fault I should have pushed to get through the pack harder I should have screamed louder but I didn’t and now he’s dead. I can’t look at him any longer; I must grab Piggy and go. I don’t want to be confused with these savages that took a life of our own friend, accident or not they killed Simon and that’s all there is to it. I can’t believe I was there, I was just on the outside of the circle, and I could have stopped everything. Piggy and I have agreed to tell everyone that we left early, we ate our food then left early, just so we don’t need to be questioned and so everybody knows we played no part in our dear friend Simon’s death.*

*I’m so tired but I can’t sleep. I can’t get what happened to Simon out of my head. He was murdered, killed by us. I don’t understand how we all got here, everything started out so well, and we all got along. Why did nothing go the way I wanted it to? We had the conch, organisation, and knew what was important. Well I did, Jack not so much. All he wanted to do was hunt all day everyday. He’s not even any good at hunting; in the whole time we’ve been here the hunters have only killed one pig. Now Simon is dead, and I don’t have a tribe just Piggy and I. Piggy and I, Piggy and I what was I thinking about again? No I don’t want to sleep, I don’t want to be unaware…*